

THE SONG OF THE SOWER.

The farmer stood at his open door,  
Looked north and south, and east, and west,  
"Good wife, the swallows are back once more,  
They sing to their last year's nest.  
I'm off to the fields to sow my seed,  
The birds are singing in every grove."  
"The sky is dreaming of summer blue;  
The trees are dreaming of summer green;  
And I have a dream of a better life,  
Of a better world, of a better day,  
And I am going to sow my seed,  
And I am going to sow my seed."

"Call all the boys, we must go to a field,  
To sow the seed, and make it grow;  
For the birds are singing in every grove,  
And the trees are dreaming of summer blue,  
And I have a dream of a better life,  
Of a better world, of a better day,  
And I am going to sow my seed,  
And I am going to sow my seed."

APPRECIATION.

"Just what I have expected for about seven years," said Pauline Worthington, looking up from an open letter in her hand with a frowning brow. "I don't know your letter from Herbert, Lina," she questioned Mrs. Worthington, a silver-haired old lady with a gentle expression.

"Yes, mother. Esie is very ill with nervous fever, and they want me to come and stay until she is better. The carriage will be sent at three o'clock. Mother," and Miss Pauline's eyes snapped, "I think that about time Esie's tyrannical over that little martyr was ended. He's killing her."

"Lina! he is your brother."  
"I can see his little face in his," said Pauline. "I never heard Esie complain."  
"She never would. But look at her. Nine years ago, when she was married, she was a lively sunbeam, so bright and pretty. Now, pale, quiet, reserved, her voice is seldom heard, her smile seldom seen. A wistful shadow of her former summer brightness! Now she is broken down. You have never seen her at home, but surely when she is here you see the change."

"Yes, dear, she has changed; but family cares, and—"

"Has Lina changed so? She has been twelve years married."

Mrs. Worthington was silent. Lina was her oldest child, and presided over the home in which her mother had been a crippled prisoner for fifteen years. She took all the household care, and had five children, and yet Lina had gained in beauty, and certainly in cheerful happiness, since her marriage, even if the gaiety of girlhood was gone.

"Henry appreciates Lina," said Lina. "There lies the difference between her happiness and Esie's dejection. If there were a difference between Henry and Lina, I would be sure to give him a lesson, that is if you can spare me to go."

"You must go, dear. I shall get along nicely."

So when Herbert Worthington sent his carriage, Lina was quite ready for the four-horse drive to her brother's house. It was a house where an evil spirit of repining for fault-finding should not have found an abode. Spacious, handsomely furnished, with well-trained servants, and with the most beautiful garden in the city, it seemed a perfect paradise to Lina.

But a very demon lurked there to poison all, and this demon Lina had come to exorcise. For the first time, Lina took all her time and care, the gentle spirit hovering very near the portal of the eternal home. There was a babe, too, six months old, and Lina was to be the nurse. Herbert, married, and with a wife and child, had not changed a hair, and Lina was to be the nurse.

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Big Trout in the Rocky Mountains.

In the month of July, 1888, I captured a trout in the Rocky Mountains, in the State of New Mexico, in one morning's fishing, a sixteen-ounce trout, made in St. Louis, fourteen speckled trout, the smallest of which weighed three pounds and two ounces, and the largest four pounds and fourteen ounces. I took these trout within half a mile, and the trout from under an old beaver dam, using both fly and grasshopper.

In June, 1889, I took from the Rio Colorado Chiefta, in the same mountains, a large number of trout from one to four pounds, where I do not believe any white man ever fished before. I was on a gold-hunting expedition in the Cimarron valley, and had crossed the mountains for a hunt and fish with two companions. I had been fishing for some two hours with but little success, when I reached a spot on the stream that promised to be a perfect fly fishing spot. I took my first trout, a large one, at least three pounds. For about one hundred yards the stream had narrowed and deepened, and was well covered with alga; my second catch gave me a chance of something to something that I used me mentally and physically, for I lost him in about two minutes, as I did my fly and snail. "He's a whopper," said I to myself, "and I'll get him before I go home."

So I marked the spot, and, making a detour, I fished the stream for a mile, and took a turn until afternoon. On returning I commenced trying to find my lost trout; of course, not the fish that took it. Fly after fly, grasshopper after grasshopper, moth, worm, everything I could find, but nothing but small fish. At last a happy thought struck me. I sat down and opened one of my largest fish, in my stomach I found pieces of a kind of trout that I had never seen before. I had never seen before; they were about one-half inch in length, white, soft, and, in taste, I found them sweet and aromatic. I concluded to try one of these pieces as bait. I did so, and I was successful, for I struck a fish that took all my nerve and experience to take care of. For nearly one hour I did all I could to conquer him, but he would not be taken. I then landed him by wading in a shallow place that I had coaxed him into, and laid him on the grass. I thought that it was a very heavy fish. I took him and weighed him. He weighed nine pounds and fourteen ounces, and it was a trout—the biggest fish that had ever been seen in New Mexico. The natives call it a "big trout," and I saw the fish pronounced it a true speckled trout.

The stream is at least 1,600 miles from sea water, 8,000 miles above the sea level, and 200 miles from the nearest stream, and is not more than fifteen feet deep, and varies from one to five feet wide.—G. F. Simpson, in Chicago Field.

A Mathematical Problem.

"A PRUDENT MAN," says Solomon, "foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." The proverb is very old, and is found in the life of the first Governor of California, Peter H. Burnett. When a young man he kept a dairy, and he was very successful. He had a cow that was very good, and he was very successful. He had a cow that was very good, and he was very successful. He had a cow that was very good, and he was very successful.

The last straw was laid upon the camel's back. Herbert spoke boldly: "You know that mother is very dependent upon me, Lina having the house and children to care for, but I think she ought to be able to take care of herself. So, if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently to keep things in order for you."

Herbert twisted himself miserably in his chair. Lina's face was very pale. "You know that mother is very dependent upon me, Lina having the house and children to care for, but I think she ought to be able to take care of herself. So, if you wish, Herbert, I will come here permanently to keep things in order for you."

"Not at all. A man who has made an unfortunate marriage certainly needs the aid and sympathy his family can give him."

"You amaze me, Herbert," Lina cried in wellfeigned astonishment. "I do not see why you should be surprised. Esie is gentle, loving, orderly, a model housekeeper, and a perfect home angel—God bless her!"

"Herbert, is that true?"

"Certainly it is true."

"I can not believe it," was the low response.

"Because"—and Lina drew impressively upon every word—"during the nine years of your married life, though visiting here frequently, I never heard you speak one word of encouragement or praise to Esie. I never saw her look of approval or appreciation of any effort she made for your comfort upon your face. Continual fault-finding, constant blame, have changed her from a happy, winsome girl to a pale, worn woman. Even her last illness was due to the unbroken despair of a heart crushed under a load of daily censure and constant driving for perfection. If, ever a man was blessed in a wife, I am that man."

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